

The Republican.

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CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTH-DAY OF THOMAS PAINE.

At the City of London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, Jan. 30, 1826.

THE birth-day of Thomas Paine, the 29th of January, falling on a Sunday, made it imperative, with regard to dining at a tavern, to put off the celebration to the Monday. On that day, seventy-five persons dined in the most public manner, at the City of London Tavern. The London friends of Thomas Paine's principles, who could have dined with a half-a-guinea ticket, are not to be computed from the number that assembled; for circumstances still exist, with respect to business and families, to make many secret and silent, who would prefer to be most open under other circumstances. The bulk of my most immediate friends, they who give me, in other shapes, every possible support, expressed their sorrow, that they could not be publicly present with me at the tavern. Under this view, the company which assembled at the tavern might be considered both numerous and respectable. Besides, this was not the only dinner for the occasion, for several years past, many private parties have dined privately at lesser taverns.

In 1818, but eight years ago, I first dined on the occasion, at an obscure tavern, where the matter was known only to a few that could be trusted, and private as we were, there were some apprehensions, that the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act might admit us into and detain us all in a gaol. But what do we now see? A company of seventy-five persons publicly commemorating the day in the first tavern of the metropolis, and treated by its proprietor and his servants with all the respect and attention that could have been paid to any other political class of persons. "The Representative" newspaper, probably rather alarmed at the manner in which it was noticed, has said, that the dinner and wine were both bad. It is false, and it is due to the respectable proprietor of the tavern to pronounce the falsehood in unmeasured terms. I heard a gentleman say, who has frequently dined at the same tavern with a guinea ticket, that he saw no difference, otherwise than in the quantity of wine allowed, in dining for the half-a-guinea, and the guinea. Every thing put on the tables, dinner, dessert, and wine, was good; and with the exception

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of the latter, limited by agreement as to the quantity brought for the ticket, every thing was abundant, and not a murmur heard. I am not otherwise dissatisfied with the report of "The Representative." I excuse its jeers on the company, though, with the exception of its observations on the unpleasant Spencean, who most unwelcomely intruded his ill-timed system on the ears of the company, those jeers were not founded in truth. To say, that there were seventy *unwashed artizans* present is false: there might have been artisans, and I should have been proud to see such men there; but I doubt if there was ever a cleaner, better behaved, and better dressed company in the room. I can perceive in what an unpleasant predicament we placed the "The Representative," and make due allowance for its fears; but it is the fact, that the political principles of "The Representative" have been so far the principles of Thomas Paine. Nor need the proprietors of, or assistants to, the paper, be alarmed at the comparison; for the principles of Thomas Paine will put down all previously existing political principles, and spread triumphantly, the harbingers of peace and concord among mankind.

In the year 1817, I found the works of Thomas Paine, even his political works, so far suppressed, that particular persons and particular prices only could purchase them. I read them, found that they were good; that they were among the most useful of political and theological writings, and resolved, that, whatever the danger, they should no longer want a publisher. Was that resolve wise or unwise? It was reprobated as a rash act by many who admired the writings; but I need not blush in saying, that this time and my present situation prove that the step was more wise than rash. In the struggle of the last seven years, I have met with some mental kicks and cuffs; but they came to me as so many pleasures; for I rested on the assurance, that they were, as to time and circumstance, the ingredients to be accumulated for the production of a great public good. In 1817, the name of Thomas Paine was not heard in our streets, and but here and there in our houses, in our closets: but now, children lisp it, and old women are no longer frightened at it! Thomas Paine is now the idol, and justly and usefully the idol, of the multitude. We now see the government embracing and acting upon the principles of Thomas Paine! We see free discussion established, the right to assert any opinions tacitly acknowledged, and every thing done, that freemen, all circumstances considered, can have desired. I have, within the last week, given up all idea of a further dwelling in a gaol. The writings of Thomas Paine are in open and rapid sale: his theological works form the best selling standard book of the day, and his principles cannot, under this state of things, remain passive; they will become practical.

This is a brief but correct view of our retrospects and our prospects, as assertors of the high worth of the principles of

Thomas Paine, of our struggle to establish them as a matter of public examination; and of the right of all to the most free and most fair discussion. I congratulate the readers of "The Republican" on the circumstance, that with regard to tavern and commemorating dinners, the principles and memory of Thomas Paine have no further progress to make.

A friend of mine, of some political judgment, and who has been well acquainted with all the political movements in this country for the last forty years, observed, on the first hearing of the intended dinner at the City of London Tavern.—"You will not dine numerously at that tavern for the first year, many will doubt its practicability; but if you go on to dine annually for two or three years at such a tavern, you will accumulate a very large company."

Three of the morning newspapers have given a fair report of the proceedings at the dinner—"The Morning Advertiser," "The Morning Herald," and "The British Press." But the latter "liberal paper" has thrown in a paragraph in reprobation of the purpose of the dinner. I pity these Editors of newspapers, who are so circumstanced as to the property in their paper, to feel it necessary to belie their true sentiments, to gratify the politically malign dispositions of some of their readers. Many facts of the kind have been confidentially mentioned to me, and apologies made for them. The following is a correct account of what passed at

THE CITY OF LONDON TAVERN.

Mr. CARLILE, on the proposition of the Rev. Robert Taylor, was called to the Chair.

Mr. HENMAN, after the cloth had been removed, rose to propose a toast which it was thought would come better from him than from Mr. Carlile, considering how that individual had been and was circumstanced. He had to propose the memory of Thomas Paine, than whom there never had been a more useful and honourable member of society. He had done more good for his own times, and for future generations, than any other person. He then read the first toast from a printed list of sixteen, drawn up after the American fashion, and placed on every person's plate. "Thomas Paine—we meet to respect his memory and to extend his principles."

Mr. HIBBERT proposed the next toast, feeling assured that it was one in which they would all join, that they would all rejoice in the presence of Richard Carlile, who had so ably and courageously supported the cause of free discussion.—(Applause.)—After such applause, it was unnecessary for him to expatiate further on the toast; it, indeed, anticipated much that he had intended to say. He would conclude with the words of the toast—"Richard Carlile. We thank him for his fortitude, and rejoice that his suffer-

ings have established the right of free discussion;"—and that was a sentiment which he (Mr. H.) believed every man of honour and sentiment must feel. It was drunk with three times three.

Mr. CARLILE said, he feared he should disappoint many persons if they expected a speech from him. To succeed in public speaking required experience; and that was what, from the peculiar circumstances in which he had been placed, he had not had. He must therefore briefly but sincerely content himself with thanking them, and drinking all their good healths.

The third toast was—"Mr. Carlile's fellow sufferers. We feel indignant that any of them remain any longer in prison," which was proposed by the Rev. Robert Taylor.

Mr. HIBBERT said, he had to propose the health of a Society, and success to it, which had been of the greatest use in the extension of free discussion:—"The Christian Evidence Society. Its extension, and thanks to its founder, the Rev. Robert Taylor."

The Rev. ROBERT TAYLOR rose and addressed himself to the company in the following language:—

Gentlemen—For the pleasure you have given me, in proposing "Success to the Christian Evidence Society," I return you my heartfelt thanks. A poor return, but that it is offered—in pledge and assurance of my continued exertions in the cause which you have espoused, and which must, still, in a great measure, depend on your zeal, as well as mine, for its furtherance and support. It is a cause which that great and good man, whom we this day commemorate, would have been proud to have supported. It is the cause of truth itself! And as I honour *that*, I honour him. The proper immortality of man is to live in the grateful remembrance of posterity, by the extension of his wise and benevolent designs; and by communicating to the bosoms of his descendants the just and noble sentiments that once animated his own. *Thomas Paine*, therefore, lives in *our* hearts this day, and shall live, I trust, in the hearts of thousands yet unborn; who shall, from the perusal of his writings, imbibe that love of truth, and of mankind, and those principles of manly fortitude, irrefragible integrity, and never-to-be-wearied benevolence, that marked his glorious character—a character "on which every virtue seemed to set its seal to give the world assurance of a man;" for in him even Nature's failings were on the side, where Nature may fail, but cannot be reproached. There may have been minds as *great* as that of *Thomas Paine*; never was there one so *WISELY* great; never shone such a galaxy of talents in such a heaven of virtues. If the definition which *Pliny* has given us of true glory be just; that it, "Consists in having done something worth the writing—having written something worth the reading, and having made the world the better, and the happier for having lived in it." *This* did *Thomas Paine*—and *THIS* to such effect, that the wisdom

and gratitude of ages to come will remember his glorious name and revere his peaceful laurels. I say his PEACEFUL laurels from the proud feeling of my heart at this moment, that we are not met to extol deeds which Nature should blush, and Pity weep to hear of, not to commemorate—the SOLDIER, and the man of blood, but one whose victory over vice and tyranny was achieved, by “the armour of righteousness on the right hand, and on the left,” by the refulgent weapons of truth and reason, unsullied with the tarnish of a single act in all his life, that could justly have made one virtuous man—his foe. May the Christian Evidence Society, as it aims at the same objects, pursue them by the same means, and its final triumph, like that of the illustrious man whom we commemorate, shall be the triumph of truth only, and the ultimate conviction of those who hate us, that, *we have never deserved to be hated*. But let me, gentlemen, as far as words can do so, convey to your *hearts* the deepest impression of my own, and that is, my sense of obligation to the many ladies, “the fairest of the fair,” whose constant attendance has consecrated, and whose peerless beauty has adorned our meetings. Their continued countenance is our best answer to the vituperations of our adversaries. Their presence—the guarantee of the innocence; the purity; the sanctity of our discussions, and the emancipation of their minds from the thralldom of superstition and priestcraft is a guerdon worth ambition: and the founder of the *Christian Evidence Society* shall not envy the glory of Him who slew the Python that desolated the earth, if it shall be HIS to have crushed the serpent that slept in beauty’s bosom. The object of the Society is the dissemination of just sentiments, virtuous feelings, universal benevolence and truth among men. We must expect hostility, but we never can, we never will return it: our cause is that of truth, and truth has no passions; no interests to subserve; no consequences to fear. Her voice is the harmony of all rational minds, and happiness leans on the pillars of her throne.

MR. CARLILE, in proposing the next, said, it had been the desire and intention of the stewards who drew up the toasts to propose, and if agreeable, that the company should abstain from all ceremonial cheering, and he had therefore been sorry to hear his friend (Mr. Henman) propose that his (Mr. C.’s) health should be noticed with such ceremonial cheering. He had not expected it. To abstain from such notices would create less noise, and would add to the respectability of their proceedings.—It would then leave applause to be called forth by the excellence of sentiment. The toast he had to give was “The Mechanics’ Institute and schools of science generally.”

MR. HENMAN noticed the great changes that these Institutions were calculated to effect, and that they had been introduced since they had their last meeting two years ago; he attributed the rise of such Institutions to the dissemination of Thomas Paine’s writ-

ings, and works of a similar character. He would be bold enough to declare that, but for the dissemination of such writings they never should have beheld the establishment of Institutions for the promotion of Science and Literature. These Institutions he considered to be calculated to conduce to the happiness of all. Schools of liberal education, and societies like the Mechanics Institute, would teach the people not to bow down their heads to the aristocracy; but as they were better informed, men would now learn, not the trash that had been taught in his infancy, but science and literature: they professed the exclusion of no particular creed or sect, but were open to all for one common good, not alone for the present, but for future generations.

A song from the opera of *Kais* was then sung, and the following toast given.—“Speedy Independence to the Greeks, and the cause of liberty all over the world.”

The CHAIRMAN then proposed, as the sixth toast, “Robert Owen. We admire his perseverance in his career of humanity and generosity.”

MR. CARLILE next gave, “The Female Republicans—their presence would have added grace to our company.” He said, he had expected that the ladies would have been invited to attend their meeting; some of the stewards, however, were against such invitation; but he saw no reason why ladies should not attend public dinner parties. He hoped next year they should have the company of the ladies also. The toast had been framed so as to take the sense of the company upon the subject; and their reception of it would decide the matter.

It was drank with great applause, which seems to say—“The Female Republicans should be present.”

The Rev. R. TAYLOR gave the succeeding toast:—“The states of America—may their Republicanism extinguish their superstition.” He was called upon to propose this toast, he supposed, because he felt Republicanism most fatal to superstition. Both could not exist together; Republicanism must destroy superstition, or superstition would beat down Republicanism. But there was something singular in the furniture of the room of a place that had been devoted to loyal and royal purposes; and when he elevated his eyes, grimmer objects presented themselves to his view.—The Royal Coat of Arms appeared in the cornice directly over Mr. Carlile’s head. The Lion looked rugged and amazed, and seemed growling out, as he looked down on the person beneath him, “Good God! is it Richard Carlile!” while Mr. Carlile seemed to heed not the Royal Animal—not setting his mind on “things above.” Then there was the fastidious Unicorn which, like those morning and evening publications, the *Post* and the *Courier*, looked askance and pretended not to see who was there. He trusted that Mr. Carlile would continue to confine and narrow his views to scenes below, and not regard the monsters over his

head. He could not but imagine that the Royal Lion scowled upon that true republican their Chairman. Happy was it for that individual that he did not set his mind on such things, nor fear the tremendous monster of royalty that frowned over his head.

The CHAIRMAN then proposed, "The Republicans of Hayti: may the neighbouring islanders become equally independent."

The CHAIRMAN then said that a new daily paper had recently appeared, which was said to be countenanced by a portion of his Majesty's Ministers, not those under the Eldon influence, but the liberal part of the Cabinet, and which, as it advocated the principles of Paine, by upholding the representative against the monarchical system, he considered was entitled to their favourable consideration, and concluded with the following sentiment:—"The Representative Newspaper; if an organ of any portion of the Ministry, we hail their approach to the principles of Thomas Paine."

Mr. TAYLOR proposed, "Protestant as well as Catholic Emancipation." He said he had suggested this toast to the stewards, and he now came forward to state the grounds on which he did so, it had been his happiness, he said, to reside some years in Ireland, among that amiable but unhappy, virtuous but deluded people. The emancipation they called for was only at the instance of priests and demagogues, but the emancipation that he (Mr. Taylor) would give them, should be from a wicked priesthood. He had left his heart among them, but not his judgment. His heart was in accordance with Irish sympathies; he might say that he left his heart, not his judgment, in Ireland; and he could bear testimony that there was not in the world a more amiable character than a real Irish gentleman. But on the other hand, the Turk, the Arab of the Desert, was superior to the Irish Priest. However,

"He is the Freeman whom the Truth makes free;
All the rest are Slaves."

It was in vain to give the precious pearl, unless there was fitness for the wearing of it. There must be the sentiment of the toast realized.

The twelfth toast on the stewards list was:—"The memory of Rousseau and Voltaire; of Diderot and D'Holbach.

In rising to propose the thirteenth toast, the Chairman said, that it had been made a question, which was the more useful man—Thomas Paine, or Benjamin Franklin; but as all were aware, that they were both useful men, they would drink with equal pleasure to "The memory of Benjamin Franklin and Elihu Palmer."

On rising to propose the fourteenth toast, the Chairman desired the company not to be surprised at what was coming. They

had one clergyman of the established church in the room, and he was about to toast the memories of two others :—

“ The memory of TINDAL, TOLAND, and ANNETT : of the Archbishop TILLOTSON and Dr. CONYERS MIDDLETON ; of BYRON and SHELLEY ; and of all Englishmen who have written to the end of human improvement ! ”

The Reverend ROBERT TAYLOR passed an eulogium on the names mentioned, and called upon all friends to labour with him in the redemption of mankind from superstition.

The CHAIRMAN then gave the two following sentiments :—
“ The memory of all others who have laboured for the improvement of mind,” and “ Universal Benevolence,” the latter of which he said was intended to represent the principles of Paine.

About half-past ten o'clock, the toasts having been gone through, the Rev. Mr. Taylor proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman, for his conduct in the Chair ; which, when assented to, Mr. Carlile rose and observed :—“ That he feared many persons had come there with a hope of hearing him detail his connection with, and sufferings for, the writings and principles of Mr. Paine. He should have been happy to have done it, and really felt a desire to do it ; but, at the same time, a disqualification to do it as he could have wished to have done it. A tact for good public speaking was only to be acquired by experience, or that sort of experience which arose from practice. It was well known to the company that his late situation had precluded him from that practice. He felt, at that moment, all those defects and difficulties which a want of social intercourse generated ; but, he hoped, in the course of another year, to meet them better qualified for the task of addressing them. For the present he bade them farewell and a good night.”

This apology was well received, and seemed to give satisfaction as a reasonable matter. The company dispersed ; and never did one assemble in that tavern which conducted itself with more decorum, or more intelligence. Even the Spencean did not disturb the harmony of the company. He was borne with and smiled at ; but not reproached.

Thus ended the first celebration of the birth-day of Thomas Paine at the City of London Tavern : and we hope that it will be the first of many, each to be an improvement on the former.

The speech of the Rev. Mr. Taylor in giving the “ States of America, &c. ; ” and also that after “ The Memories of Tindal, &c. ” were imperfectly reported. Each possessed its peculiar beauties and force which no reporter could describe, no painter delineate. The Reverend Gentleman is greatest in effect, where he speaks without preparation. I use the word *Reverend*, as a matter of courtesy, as I find the Reverend Gentleman va-

lues, for more reasons than one, every distinction of the Clergyman of the Established Church, save the one of preaching falsehood. Here he declares that his call from the Holy Ghost is irresistible to the preaching of the truth.

R. C.

WHERE OR WHAT IS THE "VAGRANT ACT."

WHILE shut up in the Gaol, I read much in the Newspapers about the severity of the new vagrant act, about the imputation of indecency to decent young men and women, and about the danger of any kind of relief to the pressing necessities of the body within the sight of another person: so that, on returning to London, I expected to find, if not a new set of people, a new set of manners, and all clean and comfortable. But Mr. Peel's new act seems to be a vagrant act indeed; for it seems to have wandered from London. I see the same sort of people as I left in London, the same little and even great filthinesses, the same rudeness of manners, the same indecencies and even puppet-shows paraded through the streets. The filth and filthy manners of the bulk of the labouring people of London are bad enough to require legislative correction for the welfare of those who desire to be clean; but the sufferance of a puppet-show, marks the lingering ignorance and bad taste of the age. These things are Christian, and are at least as old as Christianity. They are a part of the juggling tricks by which idle and ignorant people are wheedled out of their pence. The miracles of Christianity and other religions began in this manner. Certain vagabonds wandered about to fairs, markets, spectacles, &c. collecting crowds of people and pretending to work miracles, tell fortunes and so on, to excite the grimace and wonder of vacant minded persons, and to empty their pockets of the fruits of their labour. The trick of miracle working was at length monopolized by the priests, and the vagrants were confined to the exhibition of puppets, to the performing of plays, and to those pieces of nonsense which carry no preternatural pretensions with them. Hence the continuation of puppet shows, and hence those exploits of Punch and Judy and the Devil which even now disgrace the streets of London, collecting crowds and making apprentices and servants waste their time. A vagrant act is necessary for the correction of this evil—a greater evil in my view, than any kind of attention to the calls of the body in the public streets, or even than any kind of exposure of the person can possibly be.

Many of the fairs in the neighbourhood of London have been wisely suppressed; but if one part of them be suppressed; if the

collection of nonsense and idleness at a fair be improper, it is surely improper that such scenes should be daily parading our streets.

It must be a child or a fool, that can laugh at the exploits of Punch, &c. and the attention excited to such exhibitions must be drawn from more useful pursuits. I have this day seen above one hundred men, women and children collecting about one of these nuisances, and Punch worshipped with as much veneration as is bestowed upon his brother gods. A dreadful howl is set up about my exhibition of the picture of one of the gods in my window; but no one sees any impropriety or nuisance in Punch's performances, and in a representation of the devil defied by him. My print is meant to instruct, to drive the minds of my fellow citizens from a resting upon such idle phantoms; but what is meant by the tricks of a Punch, his wife and the devil? These things have been the offspring and the concomitants of Christianity: they abound where Christianity abounds, and are the tickling nonsense necessary to dispel the gloom of more solemn nonsense. All the Catholic countries abound with such nonsense; but it is high time that it was expelled from London, and that such nuisances be not allowed to be exhibited in our streets. The exploits of Punch are those of trick and brutality, and the existence of such scenes is alike a disgrace to the legislature and the magistracy.

R. C.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION,

OR THE REAL PRESENCE IN THE SACRAMENT EXPLAINED.

THIS hitherto mysterious problem, which for more than two hundred years has been, and which still continues to the present day, a subject of dispute, has caused the sacrifice of thousands of lives. It is however, a very true doctrine, and, although misunderstood, or perverted to another meaning, will, when explained, shew that its original author was a good physiologist, and well understood the doctrine of nature. The real meaning of it is this:—

Mankind are composed entirely of what they eat and drink, and nothing more. By the operations of nature, a part of their bodies return daily to the earth and helps to produce vegetation, which supports both man and beast. Every man therefore is constantly in the habit of eating, not only a part of the vegetable and brute creation, but also a part of his own species, and even a part of himself!

A good naturalist, then, would say to his disciples, when ye eat this bread, my friends, ye eat my body, and when ye drink, ye drink my blood, for I am composed wholly of victuals and drink, and nothing else: not a particle of any other thing is in my body which daily returns to the earth, and whenever ye eat and drink from the earth, therefore, ye eat and drink a part of me, or the element of which I am, or have been composed: and

as often as ye sit down to meals, I charge you to remember this doctrine which I now teach you. Although when I be dead, and appear to be gone, I shall be still with you. You shall see the son of man, hereafter, coming in the clouds with great power; power to produce vegetation, which will save all mankind from starving. And verily, verily, I say unto you, that this generation shall not pass away before all which I have taught you shall be fulfilled.—Such would be the language of a true disciple of nature, which shews, that transubstantiation is not performed by the priest, but by the Brewers and Bakers, turning the body of man into food.

Some unbelievers say, that the son of man did not rise from the dead on the third day, whereas, on the contrary, I feel certain that he did. Man is composed wholly of water. I feel, therefore, no hesitation in saying, that by evaporation, he absconded, partly, as early as the second day. Some are so hardened as to assert that the son of man will never be seen coming in the clouds; and others of a contrary opinion are so stupid as to suppose that he will be some centuries before he is here. But as to myself, I can see him almost every day. Mankind seems much alarmed about his coming, though, indeed, we should have been in a sorry plight if he had not been here before now: for, as sure as we are men, we should have been all starved.

Do we not perceive then, that however much this doctrine may have been ridiculed by some, it is nevertheless perfectly consistent with natural philosophy? Almost every thing has been perverted from its original meaning, so that we know not what theory may have been left us at first for our instruction. The word *gentleman* for instance at the commencement of the Christian era, was applied by Christians to such men as had embraced Christianity, but who still retained, in other respects, their pagan customs. The orthography of the word was afterwards altered to *gentleman*, and is now applied to such people only as have got plenty of money. Again, Taking off hats was practised among the early Christians to ascertain their own numbers, while disputing in the temple with the Jews, who kept their hats on. Afterwards when the religious animosity increased, it became out-doors a signal to distinguish friends from foes. But in process of time, when Christians grew too numerous to fear opposition, the rich contemned the friendly signal of their forefathers; so that when the poor man took off his hat, signifying "I am a Christian," the rich one merely nodded his head, as much as to say, "I see what you are," and contemptuously walked on. So now the poor Christian, and even those who do not believe in Christianity also, are expected to submit to this perverted habit. When therefore we see such changes wrought in other customs, who will attempt to prove that the Roman church did not twist the simple doctrine of nature from its original meaning, and that the real presence of a deceased man, in our common aliments, was not at first taught, as I have above described?

CANDID.

THE RESURRECTION OF ABEL BYWATER!

ABEL will not die quietly and be still, or, if dead, he will stalk forth again in a ghostly form. We give his brain-stirrings something like immortality, by copying them into "The Republican,"

and we are sorry to say, that we do not find Abel improving. The following is Abel's last appearance; and his spirit has been again set by Mr. Holmes:—

REASONS FOR REJECTING ATHEISM,

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

Most Respected Friend,

As it is your earnest desire that I should state my reasons for rejecting Atheism, I most readily concede to your request, and will in my humble way direct your mind to the contemplation of a few things, which sufficiently demonstrate to me the impossibility of the eternity of matter.

In the first place, I observe, that no man can conceive matter to exist without some mode of being, for a mode of being is really essential to the existence of all matter, whether solid, ærial, ætherial, or gaseous; and yet no one particular mode is essential to its existence. Thus we see that if matter be eternal, its mode of existence is not eternal: and how any being can be eternal and not eternal at the same time, I must leave for the materialists of the present day to explain.

I am also satisfied from the existence of motion, that matter is not eternal. Now it is utterly impossible to conceive matter to exist without those properties which are essential to its existence, but it is very easy to conceive its existence without motion; for if we consider the globe on which we live, abstractedly from all its connections and uses, we can as easily conceive it to be perfectly at rest, as in motion. This is the testimony of common sense, and that is the course I mean to steer. If then in the abstract, matter can be conceived to exist without motion, motion cannot possibly be an essential property, consequently not eternal; there must then have been a time when matter had no motion. What brought it into existence? did matter, dead inert matter? No, for no being which is incapable of action can be a cause, matter in this state must be passive, and that being which is passive is incapable of self-action. Therefore I conclude it impossible for matter to have first produced motion. I am now forced (by a conviction which is irresistible) to admit the existence of some being distinct from, and infinitely superior to matter, and that being whose eternal power could speak all matter into motion, is that Almighty God whom I trust, I love and worship: thus I am once more convinced that matter is not eternal.

Again, motion proves matter not infinite. Can matter move without a medium through which to pass? If it can, then one solid body can move through another, and thus we shall be obliged to admit, a body may move where it is impossible for it to move. I ask again, is the material world contained by something, or nothing? It cannot be contained by nothing, for pure nothing has no capacity to contain; it must be contained by something which has a capacity to contain, and to say that it contains itself is to assert a contradiction, for that which it contained must be bounded by that which contains it: Therefore matter must be contained by something not material, and if so, it cannot be infinite; and if not infinite, not eternal. But there is another proof of the non-eternity of matter, and that is, the existence of human intelligence. Can there be such a thing in existence as an eternal effect? I answer, No, because there cannot be an effect without a cause, and the cause is always prior to the effect: all human intelligence has had a cause, therefore no human intelligence can be eternal: There must then have been a time when human intelligence did not exist. The grand question now is, what, or who brought it into exist-

ence? Could an unintelligent being produce an intelligent one? "O yes," says an old French Atheist, a being may communicate to another what it does not possess itself, and in proof of this assertion, "Wine (says he) does not possess wit, but it can communicate wit to a man who is destitute of it," if this be true, the age of miracles has not yet ceased. But let us try this crafty old gentleman at the bar of Common-sense. He confesses there is no wit in the wine, nor any in the man; now the man drinks the wine which is without wit and he feels its warm operation, yet he is without wit; but by and by he begins to be very witty, and he has received his wit from a being which had no wit to communicate: So then wine can communicate what it cannot communicate, and what it has no power to communicate. So much for old Mirabaud's philosophical farrago. It is therefore, a physical impossibility for an unintelligent being to produce an intelligent one; consequently human intelligence must have been created by an intelligent being, and that being whose power could create human intelligence must be infinite and eternal.

Dear Friend, these are the arguments which satisfy my mind that matter is not eternal, and I am bold to say, they are such as no Atheist in the world can refute; although you know they are very wonderful logicians, they can make space infinite, and not infinite; matter as to its mode of existence, mutable and immutable at the same time; they can conceive an eternal being to exist without being possessed of all possible perfection. All this you yourself have heard from the lips of an Atheist: And that profound philosophical novice, Carlile, has told us that matter can exist and be the size of nothing, as heavy as nothing, and the shape of nothing, and that the soul of man is nothing; and if his ideas of things be material, then I will allow them to be in the shape of nothing, and also good for nothing. However, his insulting agent in this town believes that the soul is matter, and matter eternal, so then he has got an eternal soul and his master has got no soul at all. What a strange couple. O the sublimity of Atheism! I feel confident that Atheism will be its own destruction, and although it seems to spread its hideous limbs and struggle for victory, alas! it is only the struggle of death. Let it alone and it will die, and be buried in eternal oblivion.

I am, Yours most sincerely,

A. B.

TO MR. ABEL BYWATER, *alias* SPIRITUALIST,

P. S. P. T. S.

MOST INSULTED SIR,
I SHOULD not have thought it worth my while to enter the lists against so puny an opponent as yourself, but as you designate me an insulting agent for Mr. Carlile, and as you boast that no Atheist in the world can refute your arguments, I will in a very short time shew you how little you are, and what the worth of those arguments are, which you have been, I presume, nearly a year in concocting and bringing forth. It reminds me of the fable, "A Mountain in Labour;" you will remember what it brought forth. In what I have insulted you, or any other person, I am at a loss to conceive, unless it be in exhibiting to your townsmen the imma-

culate Deity you profess to worship, and which, they may now see, is no better than those gods which you are endeavouring to deprive the *miscalled* heathen of, by sending a parcel of fellows to preach to them who are too lazy to work at home.

And now for your logic. Paragraph first you make *four* modes of being to matter, and say, "yet no one particular mode is essential to its existence;" and, "if matter be eternal, its mode of existence is not;" and then you jump to your wonderful conclusion, "it cannot be eternal and not eternal at the same time." How shall I unravel this (to you) knotty point? Matter is eternal; its modes of existence are eternal; and though *no one* particular mode is essential to its existence, yet *some one* particular mode is. Just in the same manner as, though no particular sort of food is essential to your existence, yet you must feed (if it be only by calumniating better men than yourself) or die. Will you be kind enough to tell me if *spirit* can exist without a mode of being? Tell me also why you believe in the eternity of God, when the Evangelist John says, by inspiration too, that he had a beginning.

Paragraph second:—"It is very easy to conceive matter to exist without motion." Indeed! Not so easy as you suppose, for if we, as you say, consider the globe abstractedly from all its connections and uses, what, in fact, do we consider? A lump of dead, inert matter, you would say: but no, motion being an essential property of matter, I say you cannot conceive matter to exist without motion; unless you, as several other metaphysical wise-acres do, consider every thing which you do not see move, to be in a state of inaction. This is the only way in which you may conceive matter to be at rest; and it is *not* "common sense testimony." Thus your "irresistible conviction," which forces you, "to admit a distinct being," is shewn to be as shallow as yourself.

Paragraph third. Your first question here needs only to be answered by asking two or three others, to make your own distinct. What do you call a solid body? Cannot you make one solid body move through another? Cannot matter move without a passing through a medium? Your next question must be answered similarly. Tell me where you place the limits of the material world? And I will tell what it is contained by. Again. *Why* must it be contained by something not material. I say, it is unbounded, and therefore infinite. You say, there cannot be an eternal effect, and yet you believe in an eternal cause! Truly, you have wonderful notions of eternity. Could an eternal cause exist without producing an effect? You cannot conceive or comprehend eternity, therefore you always reason as if every thing had a beginning. You make no distinction between reasoning on eternal and temporary things: hence you fall into absurdities you cannot see; and, at length, have recourse to visionary ideas

of what you cannot comprehend. You seem to be not able to digest what Mirabaud has written; and I do not wonder at it, for from a mind overclouded like your own, and wedded to a brutalizing system as yours is, nothing better than abuse, instead of argument, can be expected. However, the old French Atheist will be remembered and respected, when A. B., his matchless production, and his "Tria Juncta in Uno" are buried in oblivion.

Your last paragraph exhibiting no argument, but merely a little declamation, (for which you are famous) I shall pass it over, with just observing, that the man who with unblushing effrontery can take the words of another, and pervert them from their original meaning, to suit his own dastardly purposes; is nothing better than a cowardly poltroon, and ought to be scouted out of all respectable society. Of this crime you have been before convicted, and still persist in it; therefore you are without excuse. Shall we have any more last words? You seem to like "crow-shooting," and "throwing powder away." Shoot on, my boy; by so doing you will please no one (unless it be your sweet self) better than

W. V. HOLMES.

P. S. Publishing these *things* is the way you "let it (Atheism) alone," is it, Abel? you are a good fellow, you have made more Atheists in Sheffield than I have.

THE FIFTY-FIFTH ORATION,

Being a Philippic against the Moral Precepts of the Gospel, as set forth in the Bishop of London's 6th Proposition. Delivered before the Christian Evidence Society, on Tuesday, January 31, 1826, by the Rev. ROBERT TAYLOR, A. B. and M. R. C. S. Secretary of the Society.

THE PROPOSITION.

"The sublimity of our Lord's doctrines, and the purity of his moral precepts, confirm the belief of his divine mission."

MR. CHAIRMAN, Members of the Society of Christian Evidence, Ladies and Gentlemen—

Several sentences of the last paragraph of the proposition which has now been read might have been taken for the language of a sarcastic assailant and bitter enemy of our most holy faith, were not their perfect orthodoxy and propriety guaranteed to us by the fact of their coming from a Clergyman of the Church of England, from whom, I hope we all know, that it is impossible that any thing else but orthodoxy and propriety *could* come.

A Clergyman may say strange things; the Bishop of London may say any thing; otherwise I confess, that even the bright jewel of *my* faith, which is of such transparent purity, that any body may see through it, would have been much sullied at being told, that our blessed Saviour, after all, was little better than the Son of a Carpenter, that "he was without education and without learning; and that the persons into whose hands his religion came after his death, were a few fishermen, as unlearned and uneducated; and for the purpose of framing rules of morality, as unpromising as himself." This surely might have been taken for the language of an unbeliever; but to do its author justice, we should view it in connection with the whole purport of the proposition that he is maintaining, and then, however little we may approve of the conclusion, we shall find that he has proceeded to it through such bold and dashing premises as no unbeliever would have been the author of. For where is the infidel or sceptic, where the man who did not himself take every thing in faith, nothing doubting, and required every body else to do so too; who would have had the moral courage, like our good Bishop, to have told us, in the first sentence of his proposition, that "there is no where to be found such important information, and such just and noble sentiments, as in the Scriptures of the New Testament;" and then seconding the bold assertion by attempting to shew us in the New Testament what nobody else could ever see in it but himself? Certain it is, that the blessed Scriptures must be read by the help and teaching of that Spirit by which they were written, or otherwise the various beauties which they contain will be fated to escape our observation, and, like the roses in the wilderness, must

"blush unseen,
And waste their sweetness on the desert air."

For except with the eye of faith, which we know seeth the things which are invisible, no man could ever discover those sublime doctrines and pure morals in the Scriptures of the New Testament, which I dare say are all there, nevertheless.

"They teach us," says our good Bishop, "that there is one Almighty Being of infinite power and wisdom, whose providential care is over all his works, and who is the Governor and Preserver of this world." You see how smooth the music runs when thus played off at hand; but compare your glee with your gamut, and it grates harsh discord, for not a crotchet is there in your book, not such a word, nor word to bear such sense, as "infinite power and wisdom," as "providential care," or a "Governor and Preserver of this world." I deny not that these things are truths; but I deny that these truths are contained in the New Testament. For instead of the New Testament setting before us a Being of infinite power and wisdom, and of providential care, we have one,

I beg pardon, one, two, three, which in divine arithmetic makes but *One*, of whom I shall say nothing; but to prevent mistakes, if by the Governor and Preserver of this world, we are to understand the God of this world, that is, none other than the Devil, whom St. Paul, in the 4th of the 2nd Epistle to the Corinthians, designates by that title, "in whom the God of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not," and for which, of course, they ought to be much obliged to him; while those good Christians to whom the Devil alloweth the privilege of seeing things so clearly, should say their Catechism, and "submit themselves to all their governors, teachers, spiritual pastors and masters."

I shall not follow the Learned Prelate (and I hope no one else will) through his induction of the sublime doctrines which he tells us are contained in the New Testament, not one of which, nor of the like of which, is there to be found; but I leave to the reprehension of every good man's conscience that measureless hardihood of assertion that would presume to tell us, that "the meanest peasant in this country is better acquainted with the Supreme Being than were any of the greatest sages of ancient times." Ask, then, the meanest peasant in this country, or ask its most profound philosopher or learned divine, "Hast thou by searching found out God, hast thou found out the Almighty to perfection?" But ere thou answer, remember that eternal axiom, "Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter"—He knows nothing who can communicate nothing: and if thou knowest no more than the contents of this proposition, then may our cattle teach us as much, and not the peasant only, but the peasant's dog may bark about the Almighty.

To the moral precepts (or rather to what are CALLED the moral precepts) of the gospel, for this alone is Terra Firma, shall I confine my observations. Our Divine Master, says the Bishop, has laid down two great leading principles for our conduct, from which what dost thou chiefly learn by these commandments, "I learn two things, *My duty towards God, and my duty towards my neighbour.*" From the first I fear, with all his learning, he shall learn nothing at all, for with respect to any reference to human conduct, it is utterly useless; the other is rendered utterly impracticable by the bisections and interruptions of its mystical adjunct. "With respect to God, we are commanded to love, fear, worship, and obey him; to set him always before us; to do all things to his glory; to seek first his kingdom and his righteousness; and submit with patience and resignation to every thing he sees fit to bring upon us." Now, suppose a man will not do any thing of this kind; suppose he will not love, fear, worship, and obey, what he knows nothing about; will not set any thing before him that he cannot eat; will not seek what can be of no use to him; and will not resign and submit, as I confess for one; I

never will resign nor submit to every thing God sees fit to bring upon me; I will not. What then? Is a man any the worse for this? Or would he be any the better, or mankind the better for him, for his bowing down his head like a bulrush; saying his prayers till he frightened himself, or cringing like a beaten cur to the man in the clouds, for joining himself in villainous confederacy against the general happiness of his fellow-creatures, and pocketing the grist, which they call DOING IT to the glory of God. But I opine that we should never have heard of its being our duty to submit and resign to every thing that God sees fit to bring upon us; had not the sequitur of this sly villainy been, that we should consequently submit and resign to every thing that his vicegerents and representatives may see fit to bring upon us; that so the resigning, submitting, slavish, coward people might learn to lay their necks in the mire for Kings and Priests to tread on. That unrivalled form of prayer, "thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven," with its significant, "thy kingdom come," and "thine is the kingdom," is in a sense of which the Commons never dreamed the Lord's Prayer. If Republican Greece and Rome were not blest with so sublime a form of devotion, neither were they curst by that master-stroke of State policy, which would break in the mind to the yoke of oppression, and reconcile us to tyrants upon earth by the habit of prostration to a Tyrant in Heaven. Now, that's the riddle out, "Go," said the Priests, "Go, cowards, say your prayers, that you may learn to kneel, and cringe, and bend to our authority."

The good Bishop next calls us to a far more rational and intelligible view of human duties—those which we owe to our neighbours and ourselves; but in quoting that great maxim, that "we should do unto all men as we would they should do unto us," you may observe the effect of education and learning enforcing some degree of candour on the mind in spite even of its interests and its prejudices. An ordinary Methodist Preacher would have blotted out the bold falsehood at once, and claimed honour for this, (which happens to be the 24th maxim of the philosopher Confucius) as a property of Christianity, upon which it has been engrafted, without growing there indeed, for if a definition of the Christian character, more statistically accurate than any other, were to be given, it would be, that this is the rule which Christians never practise. The Bishop has been content to say, that it is admirable, without implying that Christ was its author, as he knew that he was not; nor has he shut the door so entirely as he might have done against the detection of its plagiarism. "You may perhaps in some of the Greek or Roman writers," says he, "pick out a few of Christ's precepts, or something like them." Yes, you may indeed! of those precepts ascribed to Christ, which can in any sense be termed moral, you may pick out six for every half dozen, and find them as common as a cough and hoarseness

in damp weather. And surely it is not necessary to prove that Christ was not the plagiarist; that he was a particularly great dunce; and had never studied at Athens or Rome; and therefore could not have stolen the maxims and precepts of their orators and philosophers: unless we are to be told that it was impossible for any body else to have done it for him.

As to the duties which concern ourselves, and which one would therefore suppose nobody else ought to have any thing to do with, with the single exception of our obligation to live soberly and righteously, Christianity, on the Bishop's shewing, has taught us nothing but the most absurd asceticism and barbarous misanthropy. "We are commanded," he says, "to keep ourselves unspotted from the world." Why, it is impossible to do so this dirty weather. Even our dandy Christians that but cross half a dozen streets, will get splashed up to the knees in sin, although they should say, "Our Father, which art in heaven," at every step of the way. But if this is not to be taken literally, then tell me what is meant by a moral precept that is to be understood *allegorically*, or what is the morality of saying one thing and meaning another. If by the "*world*" be meant the people in the world, our fellow-men, and that we are to consider that contact with them would defile us, how is this duty to be reconciled with that of loving our neighbour as ourselves. Again: we are, says the Bishop, to keep under our body, and bring it into subjection. Under what, pray? Subjection to whom? To ourselves and our own volitions; it is a violation of all proprieties of language. To any body else, and their wills, it is an outrage against all principles of reason. To possess an absolute command over our passions would be, in reality, to have no passions at all; since the very word implies their essential sway and influence over us. We must indeed *act* as men, but in order to do so we must first *feel* as men. And the monster that had acquired such a command over the sweet and powerful influences of Nature, as to be able to control her operations, and bid his passions truckle to his purposes, would not be a better but a worse man than any body else; he would be, in short, of those in whom consummate art outwits the honesty of Nature, and "who can therefore smile! and smile! and murder while they smile!"

From this *general* view of the duties which our Bishop chooses to class under the head of the moral precepts of Christ, although so far to his honour it is, that they happen to be no precepts of his, we are referred to the *more particular* injunctions given us in our Saviour's admirable Sermon on the Mount. Sermon on the Mount!! On the Mount!! I wonder his Lordship did not at once call it a mountebank sermon, since he chose to speak of it in this degrading manner, as if it had been delivered from a molehill, or from a mere grassy bank, from which the people could have heard it: whereas, the Sacred Scriptures sacredly assure

us that it was from the top of a mountain, and I dare say it was, from that same exceeding high mountain, as much o'ertopping Dhawallagiri* as Dhawallagiri o'ertops a hay-rick, from which we know that the Devil shewed him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, in a moment of time. "For as the hill of Basan, so is God's hill, even a high hill as the hill of Basan." The Bishop may be as impious as he pleases—but I will exalt thee, O Lord, and set thy glory above the heavens.

Then we are told, that those most excellent rules of life contained in this mountebank sermon (although it shocks me to call it so) were short, sententious, solemn, and important, full of wisdom, and dignity, yet intelligible and clear. Intelligible and clear, forsooth! When will these men learn to read? And if they were "intelligible and clear," then were they exactly what Christ himself never intended that they should be; for we are expressly assured that the people were astonished at this doctrine, "they were stupefied and dumbfounded at it;" and I suppose people are not astonished, stupefied, and dumbfounded at any thing they find to be very clear and intelligible, "for he taught them as one having authority"—and that style we all know was never intended to be over and above clear and intelligible to any body.

Nay, and as if on purpose that our vanity might never dream of this, Christ has himself honestly owned, that it was not his intention that any body should ever be the wiser or the better for his doctrines, and I am sure they never were. "For to you, (said he to his disciples, that is, you know, to the Clergy) unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God: (that is,† *I'm a Clergyman myself, and I won't tell!!*) but unto them that are without (that is, to the people, the *canaille*, the lower ranks, the common cry of curs) all these things are done in parables, (quiddities, quiks, conundrums, and *double-entendres*, the words *here* and the meaning *there*) that seeing they may see, and not perceive, and hearing they may hear, and not understand." This is in the 4th chapter of the Gospel of St. Mark, and perfectly tallies with what we find in the 2nd of the 2nd of Thessalonians, "that God himself sends the people strong delusion, that they may believe a lie, and that they may all be damned." So that by comparing spiritual things with spiritual, the Gospel with the Epistle, the beautiful parables of Christ Jesus, on the one hand, and the kind intentions of God Almighty, on the other—it is not my fault if this is not as clear an explanation of the Mountebank Sermon as the Bishop himself would have given you.

But as for those sublimest precepts of all this sublime morality, about plucking out your eyes, and chopping off your arms, I only beg that my congregation may wait awhile till some other

* The highest mountain in the world.

† After a long pause of hesitation and significant demur.

Christian congregation sets them the example of it, or at least not to commence operations until they find that their eyes or limbs have (now) offended them most damnably—I dare say, that those precepts are not to be taken literally! O! no! no! no! no! they are to be taken figuratively, comparatively, metaphorically, allegorically, spiritually: but after all, the best way of taking them, is to take them away. They are in any sense a disgrace to civilization, and an insult on humanity; and can have no effect on the mind that entertains them but to make it what the mind that first suggested them must have been—ferocious, barbarous, and bloody.

Of the morals couched in the fictions of the Prodigal Son, the Unjust Judge, the Usurious Master, the Embezzling Steward, the Beggar in Heaven, and the Gentleman in Hell, it is enough to observe, that they are the conceptions of a vicious and a wicked mind; they are the morals of the robber and the assassin; they inculcate only impressions of prodigality and usury; usurious cunning and remorseless cruelty. We are all the creatures of early associations; and many a parent may trace the ruin of his child to his own act and deed, when he adorned the walls of his apartment with pictures of the Prodigal, as if to force his son into vice by the perpetual admonition of its final triumph over the stupidity of undeviating rectitude, and that for a life of villainy and crime his father should kill for him the fatted calf. How many deeds of fraud and robbery owe their origin to the instigation of the Lord, who “commended his unjust steward because he had done wisely!” Or to what can we more naturally ascribe those sulky, surly, savage manners, which may be witnessed in every coffee-room and place of public resort in this metropolis, but to the habitual contemplation of that Judge, who would not do an ordinary act of equity even in injured woman’s cause, but because she troubled him! Out on such morality!

One is only surprised and appalled at, in the midst of such pernicious examples and horrible sentiments, to discover that one great, wondrous exception, that glorious example of all perfect virtue—the Good Samaritan. Whence came it here? It hath a smatch of heaven! It is the brightest pearl of Juno’s coronet, by some rare accident dropped out, and pawned at Vulcan’s smithy: yet even here it shines with peerless excellence. No contact can tarnish its lustre; no time can dim its ray. O, Christian! wear but this jewel in thy breast; set the example of the good Samaritan before thee. Be what he was, “Go, and do thou likewise,” and thou shalt have one argument for thy faith, that no ridicule can touch; no sophistry assail; but the world has yet to see the Christian that would pour balm into a sick stranger’s wound, without first enquiring whether he was of his own party, or without some villainous ulterior scheme to trick and chouse him into it. Yet, not even this erratic star, shot through so dark

a night; this exhibition of the virtue of an infidel, for the good Samaritan was an infidel, held up in contrast to the character of the Levite and the Priest. This should not redeem from our execration those horrid precepts which are interwoven in the system of Christian morals, and from the basis of the Christian character.

For is it now the truth? Is it, I ask in the name of common sense, and common reason, any thing like the truth, to pretend that "Christ hath taught us the relative duties of husbands and wives—of parents and children?" Hath he not rather abolished all those duties; planted his canon against the breast of nature, and said, "Except a man hate his father; his mother; his wife; his children; his brethren; his sisters; he cannot be my disciple."

Nay, and as if of purpose that no mitigated or comparative sense might be pretended, he hath been his own commentator, and added, "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword."

Relative duties; social sympathies; Nature's sweet solace, love, that ALL of good—that life of life itself, hath no place in the compass of Christian morality. The kangaroo shelters her offspring in her own flesh; the pelican of the wilderness wounds her soft bosom to supply her young, and the domestic and effeminate hen, in her brood's cause, becomes a champion, and defies the vulture; but a Christian mother, for a dissention about a text of Scripture, will forget the child she bore, and Christian priests applaud her cruelty,—"*Quis talia fando temper et e lachrymis.*" I have seen, in this Christian metropolis, the daughter, for the love of the Lord Jesus Christ, pass by her sceptic mother with scorn. I have known brothers and sisters, who, rather than exchange a courtesy with an unbeliever, who drew the same vital juice, sucked the same MILK with themselves, would plunge their dagger in his heart. Reconcile them. Tie, again, the silken cord of natural affection. Rekindle the Promethean flame that your Christianity has extinguished; shew us a Christian that can forgive; make up one quarrel that Christianity has occasioned, and we are converts. Till then, while voice and life are left me, I shall never cease to oppose such propositions as that before us. And to maintain my humble vote that it is !!! It is!!! INVALID.

MORE LAST WORDS ABOUT THE GOD FOR A SHILLING.

THE Christians tell me, that I am an object utterly unworthy of notice, and a subject fit only for contempt, and yet, in spite of their words, they pay me more attentions than they pay to their idol. See the sort of attentions which I receive from them.

First, here is a man, who tells me, that I am utterly unworthy of notice, and yet he has taken the pains to make a long extract from a newspaper, and to send it to me, in an unpaid *twopenny*, which, by the bye, was accidentally taken in, in the absence of those who were appointed to examine them; for we reject all unpaid twopennies that are not on fair matters of business.

EXTRACT FROM SUNDAY TIMES.

"The Lord Mayor displayed great prudence and good sense, on Mr. Serjeant Firth's application at the Mansion House, respecting, the abominable print in Carlile's window. This wretched man may be safely abandoned to public indignation: he is now in the very kennel of contempt, and his object is to get some arm-foe or friend, to drag him into day. Vomited from a prison, he finds his hour completely passed away, and blasphemy no longer a trade of any profit; his former proselytes have fled his steps, as if emerged from a pest-house, and he has attempted this last outrage on public feeling, as a desperate effort at past notoriety; but it will not do. He may stick loathsome caricatures in every pane of his window, without an individual in the community caring for either. The best plan, therefore is to let him rot in oblivion; he can do little harm, and the less notice such an enfant perdue attracts the better."

FELLOW,

Above I have taken the trouble, to hand you an extract taken from a Sunday Paper, which does credit to the Editor as an Englishman, and if this will not be a pill for you I am very much mistaken. You are indeed too contemptible for notice, and that is all you aimed at. Remember *wretch* you will meet with your deserts hereafter.

A PROTESTANT.

If this should reach the eye of the writer, he may learn, that nothing that a newspaper editor says in this way of me, makes the slightest impression on me, other than that of pleasure, in the idea, that they save me all the usual expence of advertisements. He may learn, too, that that man never can be an object of contempt, who excites such notices as those here exhibited. Towards an object of contempt, we are silent; but there must be something above contempt, that can excite the wrath of the silly ones.

The second document is from a "wild" man. Whether there be a Lord "Wild," I know not, as I am very ignorant about the

names and connections of the aristocracy. But the signature would make it appear so.

SIR,
I BEG, as a friend to advise you not to continue any longer those *blasphemous pictures* of yours as I have no doubt this country will soon punish you for them. And if you are not punished by them, you will I have no hesitation in saying, if mercy prevents not, be punished by that God whom you ridicule hereafter. Your punishment will be great, very great, indeed. When I pass your shop, it is very painful to my feelings to see that blasphemous picture. I wonder how you can sleep, whilst you have such a picture. What a hardened conscience you must have! you are an infidel, I think, or you are out of your senses. I feel for you for your immortal soul.

I am, Sir, Your Friend,

WILD.

I am afraid the judgments of God will be upon you, and if not on you, on your children.

W.

The religion of this wild man or lord, is detestable; for he tells me, that my children will probably suffer divine wrath for my acts. I bid defiance to all such divinity. The advice of such a wild man excites nothing but my pity.

The next and last is a letter taken from the "John Bull," and signed William Firth, who seems to be the Sergeant Firth. The Learned Sergeant has studied my print of his idol, as much as ever he studied a brief. He tells us, that which we did not know before, that the three horns coming out of the hands are an emblem of the trinity in unity! I much admire his illustration, and thank him for the pains which he has taken to make it known. But I do think, that he has made a slip, when he calls the Editor of the "John Bull" a *censor morum*; as John did, in the lie, about the crowd breaking eight of my panes, as a mark of their indignation. The crowd before the window is uniformly a crowd of friends: the exceptions are but few. The following is Sergeant Firth's letter:—

SIR,

HAVING observed in yesterday's *Morning Herald* a paragraph in which it is roundly stated that I attended in the Lord Mayor's Justice Room at the Mansion House, last Saturday, to prefer a complaint against Mr. Carlile, for exhibiting a blasphemous print and libel at his shop window in Fleet-street, I trust you will give me the opportunity, through the channel of your excellent and more widely extended paper, which is justly esteemed as the public *Censor Morum* of the country, of correcting the mis-statement of the fact. It is most true that I apprised the Lord Mayor of the bare fact of such an infamous and blasphemous print and libel being exposed, to the general horror, disgust, and indignation of society at large; leaving it entirely to his Lordship to interfere or not, at his own discretion, as a magistrate, to put down so destructive an engine raised against the public morals of the

metropolis; but I never offered to prefer any formal charge on the subject, although the effect produced upon the universal public mind, by the exhibition of this scandalous common nuisance, is quite tremendous. The Lord Mayor fully concurred with me in my abhorrence of the outrage done to public feeling by this shameful exposure to ridicule of the established religion of the country, but seemed to think it best to let it pass unnoticed by him, as the libeller had quoted the Scriptures for his purpose.

I certainly thought it strange policy for a magistrate to suffer the continuance of a crying nuisance, exciting a general horror, upon the score of leaving it to the public indignation and disgust, as the only notice fit to be taken of so flagrant an offence against public decency and decorum, and the sole punishment of so hardened and incorrigible an offender; and also a strange argument to justify the impunity of the crime, that the libeller had quoted the Holy Scriptures, in an impious scorn that, in my mind, greatly enhances the heinousness of his guilt.

The print represents the person of the Almighty in an obscure, loathsome, and infamous figure, horrid to behold, with fire and smoke issuing from its nostrils—the arms terminated by trinal claws or fins, jagged and knotted, and evidently intended to put in ridicule the doctrine of the Trinity, and most loathful to look at; and the lower extremities ended by a sort of knotted hoof of hot burning coals; the whole figure standing upon the dark face of a wild waste of waters, and as if dealing out the eternal wrath. On the top of the print is written on a label, “Jews and Christians, behold your God—the God by law established.” And at the bottom, “a God for a shilling!”

I have marked the various effects produced on the by-standers at this shop window. I have noticed the horror-struck countenance of well-regulated minds in the generality of the beholders, accompanied by execrations against the great wrong done to our established religion, and also by severe animadversions against the Police and Magistracy of the city of London, in suffering such an outrage upon public morals and public feeling, and the public religion, to remain free and uncontrolled. I have also noticed the cold, sly, Sardonic grin of the infidel, and the impious, deriding laughter-putting ridicule of the scoffers and scorners. Should this happen to meet the eye of my learned and esteemed friend, the Attorney-general, or of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, whom we naturally look up to, to preserve the public tranquillity, and the public morals of the community, from the contagion of these obscene representations of every thing that is sacred and worthy of reverence, sapping and undermining the purity and innocence of the young and tender minds of the rising generation, I am well persuaded that this public scandal will forthwith be put down, and the base authors of it condignly punished.

"Abstulit hunc tandem Rufini poena tumultum,
Absolvitque Deos!"

Requesting your most powerful, and in this, I trust, laudable, endeavour to uphold pure and inviolate our revered Institutions in Church and State,

I remain, Sir, your obliged, humble servant,

Serjeants' Inn, Jan. 25, 1826. WILLIAM FIRTH.

We have taken the print from the window and it was my intention not to have said more about it; but as it continues to be a matter of first-rate consideration and still excites great interest, I have to observe, that the Christians, who never before saw their idol fairly delineated, have been made heartily ashamed of it. They have writhed miserably under its exhibition, and have groaned heavily at seeing the nothingness of the foundation of their religion. I would have them remember, that I have a new and very large God painted, ready for a new exhibition, if they grow any way insolent about its removal from the window. It continues on sale as usual; and so great has been the demand, that one day this week, we sold out every soiled copy, copies that had been pasted against the window and that had stood the assaults of the Christian stones! R. C.

TO MR. RICHARD CARLILE.

SIR,

January 26.

I HAVE read "Unitarianism Refuted" and also a late number of "The Republican," both of which are full of assertions contrary to facts, and no attempt to argue.

Have Deists no other method of attacking Christianity, than by telling its professors they are fools, hypocrites, &c. can you bring no arguments against it? If you can why not do it, and do it where you may be fairly answered.

You state that there were no religious persecutions till Christianity was known.

It may be so; but were *Christians* the first persecutors; did Christians persecute each other for the first two or three centuries when Christianity was corrupted?

Your picture of God is incorrect and shows the weakness of your cause, for instance. The quotations from scripture are from Psalms and from the visions of different prophets. Now you must know that Christians and Jews both interpret these

figuratively not literally. Besides the writers were Poets, and Hebrews, and you know the manner Eastern nations write. (Remember Unitarians are deniers of Plenary Inspiration.)

The title is incorrect for Jews do not believe in the Trinity, nor do *all* Christians.

If you consider Deism to be true, why not argue instead of ridiculing, you might get a hearing, but now you are almost hated by many.

Dare you venture to attack Christianity fairly, if you dare! send a letter with your arguments to the Monthly Repository (published by Sherwood) where it will, unless written with no *arguments* like "The Republican," be inserted; and I will undertake to say it will be answered?

You have drawn your picture of Christianity from what other Deists have said: not from the Testament.

You consider *Deism* to be *Truth*. Why then hinder *truth* by such things as the picture of God, Child of Nature, &c. Why not by gentler means? Do you wish not to be convinced of Christianity? Or considering that Deism is truth do you wish to keep truth to yourself.

Will you accept the enclosed shilling for your friends unjustly confined in Prison? I am not able to give more, or I would.

I am,

A YOUNG UNITARIAN.

P. S. Will you send a letter on the subject, to the Monthly Repository? It would *very* much oblige me, as I should like to see the subject *argued* with temper and learning. Allow me to congratulate you on your freedom.

Note.—Our "young Unitarian" seems to be very young as to a knowledge of what he is writing about. I invite him, or any Unitarian, to hold an hour's conversation with me about the history of Christianity. As to sending a paper to the "Monthly Repository," it will be writing in vain. Who reads the publication? I neither see it, nor hear it enquired for. I have given insertion to the "Young Unitarian's" presumptuous letter, to shew him the publication in which free discussion first found a shelter, and which, with its supporter, the "Newgate Magazine," alone pretends to discuss matters of theology freely and fairly. Our "Young Unitarian" should learn, that, in matters of history and physics, assertions are of more weight than arguments, when such assertions are founded in truth. Argument is the labour of the mind that is not sufficiently well informed to make correct assertions.

R. C.

A DEFENCE OF THE LEGITIMATE* DRAMA.

To the Editor of "The Republican."

DEAR SIR,
I HAVE been induced to offer you the following remarks, in consequence of your observations on "The Theatre," published in No. 2 of the present Volume.

With your sentiments on Masquerades and Pantomimes, I entirely agree; and heartily wish such things utterly abolished from our national Theatres, it is only with the observations contained in the two last paragraphs, and particularly with the last of all, that I differ from you in opinion.

You say that "a play going people must be in some measure a depraved and unhappy people. It must be a flight from domestic misery, or a depraved taste for an amusement which a well formed mind cannot enjoy, and which is not needed by those who seek mental improvement. It is a waste of time, in addition to which a great expence is incurred and nothing good is gained for the health of the body or the mind."

As I conceive there is a degree of illiberality contained in this sweeping clause and being only anxious to contend against such a general principle, this must be my apology for troubling you and the readers of "The Republican" with an article on such a subject.

That some sort of amusement is, and always will be necessary, even in the highest intellectual and moral state of society, cannot be doubted.† A relaxation from the ordinary pursuits of life is so essential, that without it, our common and daily avocations would wear the sombre aspect of one diurnal round of monotonous insipidity. You will say that the present state of society presents sufficient resources of relaxation and even amusement without resorting to the theatre, and that a well regulated mind would find amusement at all times. But all mankind have not, and never will have, the same tastes—the same inclinations, or an equal zest for the same pursuits; but if the mind may be improved by a participation in any kind of rational amusement, you will agree with me that it cannot derogate from its moral character, nor diminish its social or domestic happiness.

It is in this light that I consider the drama to have claims on a moral and intellectual community. Its intimate connection with literature and the arts alone render it deserving the patronage of all who have the least taste for refined pleasures. Be it observed that I am here alluding to what is termed "the legitimate drama" which disowns pantomimes, masquerades and even melo-drama.

Partial abuses are witnessed in every institution, and perfection is found no where. That the stage has of late somewhat retrograded I confess; whether this is owing to a degenerate taste—to a lack of talent necessary to form a good dramatist, or to a combination of both causes, I will not take upon myself to discuss, at the same time, I am of opinion, that were it free from restriction, as to all previous censorship, it would be found to possess a powerful influence over the morals and conduct of individuals, perhaps equal to the printing-press itself. A scourge directed against vices generally, whose lash would be felt more keenly than any other wea-

* What makes a drama legitimate, or illegitimate?

† I doubt it.

R. C.
R. C.

pon, and I flatter myself had you witnessed "The Hypocrite" or some other of our best comedies, or even any other of Shakspeare's plays, your remarks would have assumed the tone of panegyrick, instead of censure.

The fact is, that the stage has always, presented a picture of the prevailing times on which the date of the scene is supposed to lay. As Shakspeare observes, "the end and aim of the drama is to hold as it were the mirror up to nature, to shew vice its own image, scorn her own features, and the very age and body of the times its form and pressure." If, therefore, a community be corrupt, or rather if the times are corrupt in which the scene before you professes to represent a faithful portraiture, it must follow that you witness depravity. So in the tragedy of Macbeth, where a good man has been assassinated by a villain, instigated by his ambition to gain a throne, there is no departure from nature, and the dramatist has provided at the same time a moral lesson for the spectator, by exhibiting a fit punishment in the remorse of both the principal and accessory; ending in detection, exposure, contempt and untimely death.

History informs us that the stage had the greatest share of inculcating a love of freedom and morality among the people, during the time of the Roman republics. Did a magistrate commit the smallest dereliction from his duty, his conduct was freely and boldly censured in the public theatres. Something of this boldness is wanting among our present dramatists. Of this stamp was the celebrated Samuel Foote. The character of this man, in my opinion, has been too much calumniated, even by his contemporaries and biographers. His aim was at the vices, as well as at the weaknesses of the public men of his day, and in his pursuits, he was undaunted and unwearied. He was not to be frightened by high rank, nor turned aside by the known rancour of the parties, so long as he thought that his object was good.

Fanatics and hypocrites are at the present period fulminating from the pulpits of their conventicles the sin and wickedness of the stage. Among the foremost of these *redoubted champions* stands the Rev. T. Best of Sheffield. This worthy preaches a sermon annually upon the unlawfulness of Christians resorting to the theatre. A friend of mine has sent me the clergyman's last printed lecture upon the subject, from which I extract the following passage, to shew how the comedy of "The Hypocrite" gall's him.

"At the theatre, religion is safely ridiculed under the name of hypocrisy. A preacher of God's word, is perhaps, exhibited in strong caricature with affected gravity and absurd grimace. A sermon is delivered in burlesque imitation. A religious character is introduced, for the purpose of being placed in the most ludicrous point of view, and exposed as a person of weak intellect and of pitiable credulity. His conscientiousness and fear of sinning are made contemptible by being displaced only in petty and punctilious scrupulosity. His purity of mind is connected with circumstances of exquisite absurdity; his meekness under insult is made to appear only as mean and unworthy timidity. His simplicity and sincerity of heart are represented as rendering him the dupe of every designer, and the butt for every dart which malice or mirth may choose to throw. And while he is thus set forth as a laughing-stock, many a scoff and jest is uttered respecting over-righteousness and puritanical zeal: the words "Saint" and "Holy" are used in sneer and carcasm—"Heaven" and "Hell" and terms equally awful in meaning, are employed with levity and laughter, and thus, while religion in the general is, perhaps, complimented with some unmeaning expression of regard, its sanctity is profaned—its

character is degraded—its authority and its influences are undermined, and its several parts, and its professors are brought into derision and contempt."

To place the theatre under the bar of religious proscription has long been the aim, and earnest desire of the Dissenters and even some of the established church of which class is Parson Best? To rail at a profession which exposes their own hypocrisy, is what may be expected; but as the theatre possesses a virtuous aim, and moral purpose, it is certainly somewhat strange to see it assailed by one whom I, with many others allow to be in every sense of the word a moralist.

The private conduct of actors and actresses are brought forward by many as a powerful argument against the stage, but I think unjustly so. As well might writing be condemned because so many persons suffer for the crime of forgery. The charge of dissoluteness I grant to be too true, and too general; but at the same time I am certain there are many, very many honourable exceptions.

But the private character of the profession of the stage is out of the question, their example can be of little importance, the most serious consideration is, the influence of the drama on the morals and manners of society. That it has influence cannot be doubted, and that this influence may be advantageously extended. But, on the other hand, it is equally certain, that it arises from a re-acting, not an originating principle. The stage does not form the taste, or direct the sentiments of society; but on the contrary, receives its tones from prevalent habits and feelings, which being made to undergo a partial transmutation, are reflected back to the source from whence they were acquired. The general principles of human nature are always and every where the same. Passion can only be raised by making the impression of nature and of truth upon the mind—the drama cannot constantly exhibit abstract delineations. These must be varied by presenting those modifications of man, which, though they are partial and temporary and do not affect his permanent characters are so far of consequence as they assume an individual importance and in a certain degree the appearance of novelty. Thus lighter foibles which are peculiar to the existing age, are fair scope for the dramatist. To polish the manners of men, to promote attention to the proper decorum of social behaviour, and above all to render vice ridiculous is doing a real service to the world. The demoralizing principle, therefore, which has been attributed to the drama, is an unfair assumption. I maintain that whatever tends to awaken noble and virtuous feeling deserves national support, and that the stage under proper restrictions, is as likely to promote this object, as any other means which the skill of the politician, or the philanthropist has yet discovered.

I remain, dear Sir,
Yours respectfully,

T. R. PERRY.

Newgate, Jan. 30, 1826.

Note.—I cannot refuse Mr. Perry his public answer to my attack on the stage; but I do not see, that he has removed my objections; and not only mine; but they were suggested by one whom he has more cause to esteem than any that he owes to me.

R. C.

TO MR. RICHARD CARLILE.

SIR,

Jan. 23, 1826.

ONE of your correspondents has made a bold assertion, in a letter he has written on the Trinity in Unity as he calls it. If he can prove the truth of that assertion, I shall find myself much gratified, it is as follows. "It is worthy of remark, that water is the element of which man, beast, and every vegetable is wholly composed."

If Candid will demonstrate the truth of the above, I shall consider him a valuable correspondent.

JOHN BUTLER.

THE KING'S SPEECH

To the Parliament is chiefly upon the subject of the cracks and fissures in the Banking and Funding Systems, and amendments are suggested. It is an Old House, past all repair, and can only be mended by being pulled down and rebuilt. The Speech is unworthy of being copied into "The Republican;" for what I have stated of it is all that is worth stating. We shall soon see what the Ministers intend to do. The late and present uproar in the Paper System, and the certain General Election of this year, will make them very humble, and talk much of popular improvements in their System of Finance.

R. C.

NOTICE.

THE Koran in bds. at 6s. and Hammon's Letter to Priestley, will be ready for delivery next week.

We have a new edition of "St. Peter's Holiday" on sale at one penny.

New Portraits of the Rev. Robert Taylor, and Mr. Carlile, are on sale at one shilling each for prints, eighteen-pence for proofs.

In a few days, will be ready, a lady's edition of "What is Love?" illustrated with an appropriate frontispiece, price one shilling.

Also, selections from the writings of Thomas Paine, on an open sheet of foolscap, with a portait in the centre price sixpence.

The sixpenny edition of Lord Byron's "Cain" is reprinting.

ERRATA IN THE NEWGATE MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY.

THE last half sheet of this publication, was inadvertently put to press, without the necessary corrections by the editor. At page 287, line 10 from the bottom, the word *pirate* should have come in before the word *page*. The following subscription was not correctly noticed.

Mr. Carlile,
A few Friends who despise
the interference of Power
in matters of conscience,
and who treat with pity
and contempt the man-
date of every Priest, have
sent 4l. 16s. for your
brave little army, who
have been "BOLD ENOUGH
TO BE HONEST, AND HO-
NEST ENOUGH TO BE
BOLD," Messrs. Campion,
Hassell, Perry, and
Clarke, now confined in
Newgate, to enable them
to celebrate on the 29th
inst. the birth-day of Tho-
mas Paine, the greatest
man that ever existed;
"he who wrote upon prin-
ciple, and always under-
stood the principle upon

29th January, 1826.

which he wrote ;" the boast
of all virtuous Britons.

	£	s.	d.
A. and J. M.	2	0	0
C. H.	0	5	0
C. H. sen.	0	5	0
Mary Miller, East Cowes, Isle of Wight, thinks that Mr. Paine fitted stays rather too tight on the naughty Priests	0	1	0
W. L.	0	2	0
Mary Ann Freeman	0	1	0
P.	0	2	6
A Stranger	0	2	0
B.	0	2	6
J. H.	0	5	0
R. C.	0	5	0
From a Nottingham Friend	1	0	0
Rev. Robert Taylor	0	5	0
A Friend	0	2	6
An ardent Admirer of the Writings of Peter Annet	0	10	6

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dences for "The Republican," to be left at the place of publication.